

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association for the New

Vol. XVIII. { A. STEVENS, EDITOR.
FRANKLIN HANF, Agent.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND,

For the Herald and Journal.
THE FIRM BANK."

Br. Stevens.—The first few verses of the following poem were quoted with such delightful effect, by Dr. Palmer, of New York, at the late Eastham Camp-meeting, as excited a desire in many who heard him to see the remaining portion. In the hope that they will only gratify those who held him, but inspire in all your readers a larger interest, I forward them for publication. They are supposed to have been written by the Rev. Rowland Hill, at a time when public credit in Great Britain was shaken by the failure of several banks.

Sept. 8. — C. MUNGER.

I have never failed Bank,

A more than golden store,

No earthly bank is half so rich,

How then can I poor?

When my stock is spent and gone,

And I without a groat,

I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,

And beg a little note.

Sometimes my banker smiling says,

"Why don't you often come?"

And when you draw a little note,

Why not a larger sum?

"Why live so niggardly and poor?

Your Bank contains a plenty;

Why come and take a poor pound note,

When you might have a twenty?

"Yes, twenty thousand, ten times told,

Is but a trifling sum.

To what your Father has laid up,

Secure in Christ, his Son."

Since, then, my Banker is so rich,

I have no cause to borrow,

I live upon my cash-to-day,

And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,

And never was rejected;

Sometimes my Banker gives me more

Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,

I've managed things so clever;

But, ah! before the day was gone,

I've felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blashes in my face,

Just at the door I stand;

I know if Moses keeps me back,

I surely must be damned.

Should all the banks of Britain break,

The Bank of England smash,

Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,

You'll surely have your cash.

And if you have but one small note,

Fear not to bring it in;

Come boldly to the Bank of Grace—

The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,

Man's merits are rejected;

There's not a single note will pass,

That God has not accepted.

'Tis only those beloved by God,

Redeemed by precious blood,

That had a note to bring—

Those are the gifts of God.

Through thousand ransomed souls may say

They have no notes at all,

Because they feel the plague of sin,

So ruined by the fall—

This Bank is full of precious notes,

All signed, and sealed, and free;

Though many doubtful souls may say,

"There is not one for me."

Base unbelief will lead the child,

To say what is not true;

Tell the soul who feels self-lost,

These notes belong to you.

The leper had a little note,

"Lord, if thou wilt, thou can."

The Banker cashed this little note,

He got his cash, and died.

For the Herald and Journal.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Dear Brother Stevens.—The perusal of D'Aubigné's Defence of Cromwell, has given me unutterable pleasure. Your readers need not fear, however, that I shall inflict on them a review of the work, but I wish to give utterance to a few thoughts, that may introduce this profitable visitor to some who might not otherwise give him attention.

The great Historian of the Reformation, and defender of Protestantism, enters upon the work *con amore*, and by sketching the Protector's private life, his Parliamentary life, and *Protectorate*, shows most conclusively that "he was a great historian, and a Christian."

After mentioning some of the leading Puritans, he says, "In the midst of them all was Oliver, modest, devout, conscientious, and so sincerely intent to make his calling and election sure." From his early youth he possessed true seriousness. He fervently devoted himself to works of Christian piety." * * * *

"An important work, as we have seen, was finished in Oliver during the nine or ten years of obscurity and seclusion, that intervened between his marriage, and his obtaining a seat in Parliament. Milton, who knew him well, says in Parliament: 'He had grown up in peace and privacy at home, silently cherishing in his heart a confidence in God, and a magnanimity well adapted to the solemn times that were approaching. Although of ripe years, he had not yet stepped forward into public life, and nothing so much distinguished him from all around, as the cultivation of a pure religion, and the integrity of his life.'

"Oliver was henceforth a Christian in earnest. He had been called by God to the knowledge of Jesus Christ; his mind had been enlightened, and his heart renewed by the divine Word. To call this from on high, this great call from God which so many souls despise, or at least neglect, he had replied from the depths of his heart, and had laid hold of the grace presented to him, with a new and unalterable will. He had believed in the name of the Lord, in the blood of Jesus Christ; he had been delivered from the penalty of sin, and from the dominion of evil. A new birth had given him a new life. He was at peace with God; he possessed the spirit of adoption, and an easy access to the throne of grace. From that time he became a man of prayer, and he remained for the rest of his life. He lived and he died in prayer."—P. 31, 32.

Cromwell's religion shone out undimmed in every relation of his life; as Carlyle remarked, "a Christian man not on Sundays only, but on

Farmington, Sept., 10, 1847.

For the Herald and Journal.

HOLINESS.

Not having seen many articles, for some time past, in our beloved Herald, on the subject of holiness, I would respectfully suggest to those who are experimentally taught in the deep things of God, to communicate something of their views and experience to the readers of the Herald. For one, I read and hear with eagerness, on this soul-inspiring theme, and there are many others who accord with me in this sentiment. There is no danger of this sweet theme becoming stale, or insipid, to the pious heart. The more we know of God, the more we wish to know—and the more blessed be God, we may know, till our hearts are assured before him."

But how we may know, and feel, the life-giving energy of this principle, has been, and still is, the anxious inquiry of many sincere hearts. Both in the ministry, and membership, we are constantly met with difficulties, when this subject is pressed upon the attention of such as think it not experimentally. I believe it is the imperative duty of all such Christians, to get their difficulties solved at once, and for ever. Till this is done, they will be "ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

Should the eye of any one rest upon this article who feels sincerely anxious to come up to his high privilege, permit the writer to ask, Hast thou a fixed and unalterable purpose, to seek with all thy heart for this high attainment? If so, are you conscious, in the next place, that every faculty and power of your soul, body, and spirit, and every thing that concerns you, or relates to you, is fully, so far as you know, submitted to God? This is an important step, and one that must be taken before we can fully know that Christ "abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us,"—not which he shall, but which he "hath (in the present tense) given us." Pause upon this point awhile. Am I correct in this entire submission? Admitting this is the case, we are then to believe that God does accept us for Christ's sake, because he hath promised to do so. Now there are given unto such souls, "exceeding great and precious promises." These, it is the mind of the Spirit to reveal, or make known unto us. "For the Spirit

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For the Herald and Journal.

EASTHAM CAMP-MEETING—ITS REGULATIONS.

Br. Stevens.—I have had the privilege of attending, for the first time, the late meeting at the Millennial Grove, and by your permission, I wish to state a few facts relative to the government and order of the meeting, which, I believe, if universally adopted by such meetings, would be of great utility in promoting the interest of the meeting, and would, at the same time, do away many of the objections urged against this valuable means of grace. One evil, which has prevailed to a greater or less extent at all the camp-meetings which I have attended, is the want of uniformity in the arrangements in the several tents. Where there is no rule to regulate this, some of the tents will commence their exercises before it is convenient for others to commence, and as the voice of prayer and praise is heard, there will be a rush to the tent, the tent will be crowded, those engaged in worship will be disturbed by the crowd, brethren who have come from other tents, witnessing the struggle and distress of some present, will commence praying, without knowing anything of the particulars of the case—whether to pray for mourners seeking justification, or believers seeking for sanctification. Hence, they will be compelled to appropriate, and not sufficient to the point, the object for which the tent was commenced by the tent's company. The result is, confusion and disappointment is the result; whereas, had there been no disturbance by the crowd, the object for which prayer was commenced would have been kept in view, and the result might have been the conversion or sanctification of souls.

In proportion as these tents are crowded, others are vacated, and often to such an extent that there is no exercise in several of the tents, during the time set apart for that purpose. This is a very common, and a very serious evil, and is fraught with disastrous consequences.

The evil, so common at other camp-meetings, is principally, if not wholly, obviated at the Eastham meeting, by the introduction of a rule directly upon that point. The rule is this—"Prayer-meetings, in all the tents, at 8 o'clock, A. M., at 1, and 6 o'clock, P. M., and at the close of the services at the stand, in the evening." This rule is to be strictly observed, and there is a special request by the Presiding Elder that all should stay at home in their own tent, and attend to their own meetings.

It will readily be seen that the observance of the above rule will be a complete preventive of this evil; and I most sincerely hope that our brethren in this and other States will commence this excellent rule, and be governed by it.

Another evil, of less magnitude, but still very annoying, prevails very extensively, if not universally. It is not for want of a rule bearing upon the point, but it is the total violation of a rule which, I believe, is universally adopted. The rule is this—"At ten o'clock in the evening the bell will ring at the stand, at which time all exercises in the tents will cease, and all retire to rest, and remain silent until the bell is again rung at the stand, at five o'clock in the morning." The observance of this rule is very necessary, that all may have the privilege of obtaining the necessary amount of sleep, and thus be prepared for the duties of the ensuing day. But this rule, so far as my knowledge extends, has been almost universally violated.

In some tents, prayer, singing, and exhortation are continued until midnight, and often much later; and when at last all has become silent and still, and needful slumber has closed all eyes, some few reckless individuals, regardless of the first principles of Christianity, "to love their neighbor as themselves," will "to obey those who have the rule over them," will rouse up hours after the ringing of the morning bell, and commence singing, praying, and shouting, and thus disturb the slumber and rest of the whole encampment, perhaps one or two thousand persons, who, of course, will have no more rest that night, and are thus deprived for the worship and duties of the succeeding day.

Such individuals seem to imagine that if their works and proceedings have but the semblance of worship, they may violate, with impunity, any principle of justice and right, and may disregard even the common courtesies of life. What shall we think of such Christians?

I gave me pleasure to see that this rule was observed at the Eastham meeting, to the very letter. As the ringing of the bell at ten in the evening, all exercises would immediately cease, and all retire to rest, and nothing more was to be heard until the silence and stillness of the night were broken by the ringing of the bell at the stand, at five in the morning, at which time all would immediately arise, refreshed with the quiet slumber of the night, and prepared for the duties of the day.

It is to be hoped that this rule, so necessary to the preservation of health, as well as the rational worship of God, will be strictly observed by camp-meetings in other States. Methodists should be the last to violate any rule of conduct which they have adopted, especially at a meeting for religious worship.

There are other particulars relative to this meeting, to which I should like to refer, but will defer it for the present.

I would remark in general, that the order of the meeting was excellent—such as becomes the honor and dignity of God. The devotional exercises of the meeting, both in the public congregation and in the tents, were of the first order, and seemed to be the spontaneous effusions of hearts filled with the love and praise of God. The very atmosphere seemed embued with the Holy Spirit, and as prayer and praise, like holy incense, was ascending from hundreds, perhaps thousands, of hearts and tongues, I fancied that I could almost see angels, attracted to the place by the praise and worship of God, hovering around, and, "poised on steady wing," joining in the full chorus of God's high praise, and again exclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace and good will."

O, it seemed that Millennial Grove was not far from heaven—that their mutual affinity had brought them near together. Long may that leafy sanctuary, reared by God's own hand, remain as a place consecrated to God's worship, and may it be the birthplace of thousands of souls, who shall praise God in eternity that they ever visited Millennial Grove.

The Boston brethren have set an example worthy of imitation. It requires no small degree of decision, perseverance, or self denial, to make, and carry out the extensive arrangements necessary for attending this meeting. To convey six or eight hundred persons from Boston to Eastham with all the attendant inconveniences, which no one can fully appreciate, and to provide comfortable tents and good board, is no trifling undertaking. And yet it is done apparently with the greatest cheerfulness and pleasure. Their bill of fare is just what it should be, and what no one can fail of being pleased with.

But the most pleasing of any thing is the brotherly affection and Christian courtesy with which they receive and entertain strangers, with whom they are at a distance. And I feel warranted in giving an assurance to any of my brethren in Maine, or any other State, who may attend Eastham camp-meeting, that they will meet a kind reception from warm hearts glowing with Christian love and affection.

In conclusion, I would say, that the surpassing beauty of the grove, rendered convenient and pleasant by the improvements of art—the order and harmony of the meeting—the high moral and religious character of those who meet there for worship—the high tone of devotion and feeling that pervades the congregation, together with the great amount of religious instruction imparted and received, conspire to render Millennial Grove one of the most desirable spots on earth.

E. S.
Maine, Sept. 10, 1847.

For the Herald and Journal.

ARROWSIC CAMP-MEETING.

Dear Br. Stevens.—The camp-meeting at this place commenced on Wednesday evening, Sept. 1, and closed on Tuesday evening, the following.

This place, for beauty, and convenience in all respects for a camp-meeting, is probably unsurpassed by any other place in the State; being easy of access by water to a large section of the State, and free from annoyances from carriages, as no carriage can approach the ground.

The weather was favorable, which, combined with the beauty of the place, and the manifest presence of the Lord, rendered it stay there truly delightful.

There were thirty-four tents—more than thirty preachers, and about six hundred people, that encamped on the ground. The largest congregation exceeded four thousand.

The meeting commenced well, and continued to progress in interest to its close. "Holiness to the Lord," was the leading subject of preaching, prayer,

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM THE WEST.

MADISON—COLUMBUS—REMARKS ON THE COUNTRY—GREENCASTLE—INDIANAPOLIS—CONGREGATIONAL SINGING—MISS BEECHER'S TEACHERS—REV. H. W. BEECHER—PIAPISTS—GERMANS—GERMAN CHRISTIAN APOLIST—ADMISSION OF "SEEKERS" TO THE CHURCH.

ROCK ISLAND, (Ia.) Aug. 12, 1847.

Mr. Editor,—The city of Madison, (Ia.) from whence I wrote you last, is one of the most beautiful towns of the West. It is on an elevated plateau on the right bank of the Ohio, surrounded by an amphitheatre of bluffs that rise abrupt 425 feet above the river. The town is very healthy, and contains about 6,000 inhabitants. Here is an excellent Female Seminary, under the direction of Rev. T. A. Goodwin, a local minister of the M. E. Church. At this point I took the cars for Indianapolis. To gain the elevation in the rear of the city, a deep cut is made in the bluff, through horizontal strata of lime-stone and sand-stone, so that by a rapid ascent with strong teams of horses, the cars gain the above elevation, in about a mile and a half from the depot. This is the highest point between the river and Indianapolis.

The whole State is remarkably level, and the railroad track is almost constantly on the surface of the ground, there being but few excavations or embankments. From this elevated point in the rear of

Madison, there is a gradual descent of 250 feet in about 40 miles, which brings us to Columbus. This town is but 170 feet above the level of the Ohio, as shown by the profile of the railroad. From Columbus to Indianapolis, a distance of 41 miles, there is a gradual ascent of 150 feet. As near as I can judge

from the appearance of the country and the course of the streams, there is a ridge along the bank of the Ohio, the whole extent of the State, more elevated than in the interior; that Bartholomew county, of which Columbus is the seat, was a deep portion of the inland sea, which once very evidently occupied the vast valley of the Mississippi. This county is a very level, rich soil, but very unhealthy. The farmers make a point to get their grain harvested in, and do up sundry jobs, and their wives to finish their dairy work and spinning, in season for the fever and ague, which they expect as regularly as the season returns. The West is not universally unhealthy, but it is generally true that the richest soils are most so.

The railroad at present is open only to Edinburgh, a distance of 53 miles from Madison. From Edinburgh I proceeded by carriage to Greenastle, the seat of the Indiana Asbury University, a flourishing institution, under the patronage of the two Indiana Conferences of the M. E. Church. Here at the residence of our old friend, Rev. W. C. Larabee, one of the Professors in the University, I spent a week very pleasantly. The country about Greenastle is elevated and rolling almost enough to be called hilly, and is a delightful and healthy portion of the State. The town contains some 1500 inhabitants and is the county seat of Putnam county.

From Greenastle I proceeded to Indianapolis, the capital of the State, a beautiful city of some 6,000 inhabitants. From the centre of the city two miles in each direction brings you to the native unbroken forest. It may not, perhaps, be known to your numerous readers, that the practicability of the proposed plan in Boston, has been fully tested for nearly two years past, in the New Associate Ref. Presbyterian Church in this village, (Thompsonville, Conn.) and which is decidedly preferred by them to the choir, &c., to which they had been accustomed for years previously. And such is the excellence of congregational singing to which they have attained, under the simple leading of the *precentor* before the pulpit, as to have become the admiration of those to whom this is new in the land of steady habits; and if the example is not followed by others, I have no hesitation in affirming that it is not owing to any defect in the style or execution; and all that I would say to skeptics is, that I would they were present one day with us to hear and judge.

THE RIGHT KIND OF SINGING.

A correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal, in referring to the proposed reform in singing, says:—"I cannot help believing that if the practice about being introduced into the church in Boston were to become general, it would have a happy influence upon the piety of our churches—not to speak of the expense and trouble thereby prevented.

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LITERARY ITEMS.

Professor Fitch, of Yale College, in a discourse before the Senior Class, on Sunday evening preceding Commencement, stated that in the thirty years in which he had officiated in the College pulpit, the present class was the only one, in all that period, which had not lost a member from death during the four years of their academic course; and this is regarded the most remarkable, inasmuch as it is the largest class which had ever graduated there. He further stated, that the whole number of students who had gone out into the world from the Institution, during these thirty years, amounted to more than two thousand five hundred; of these, about three hundred already died.

DR. GARLAND.—It gives us great pleasure, says the So. Ch. Ad., to announce, on the authority of the *Tuskalosa Monitor*, that Landon C. Garland, LL. D., President of Randolph Macon College, has been elected Professor of English Literature in the University of Alabama, and is expected to enter on the duties of the chair at the commencement of the session in October next. Dr. Garland will make a worthy successor to the lamented Sims, who so admirably filled the Belles Lettres chair in the University, for the last few years of his life. The University has been most fortunate in securing Dr. Garland's services.

That pre-eminent talents should occupy pre-eminent positions, is the law of nature and the ordinance of God. The Methodist economy is not designed to counteract, but to regulate, the operations of this law. Methodists themselves understand this, as the practical application of their system shows. A man of Dr. Durbin's ability will of necessity occupy the more prominent appointment of the church, and all men of common sense will say that it is right and desirable that he should. The felicity of our system is, that while it appoints such a man to a proportionately important post, it does not leave him there when the novelty and vigor of his first ministrations have passed away, but in due time transposes him to another, always, however, assigning him the appointments which are most suited to his peculiar abilities. Thus, instead of confining him to one post where, after fortifying it thoroughly, his usefulness might be lost by a longer residence, it in due time sends him to another, and when this has had a full share of his usefulness, he is despatched elsewhere, and so on till a whole series of churches have enjoyed the advantages of his powers. Who can doubt that such a distribution, made not with the quarensome irregularity of Congregational changes, but made with system, and at due intervals, must be most salutary, notwithstanding occasional and local drawbacks. Such is Methodism, in this respect.

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IN THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OVERSEERS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, ARE MENTIONED NOT LESS THAN NINETEEN BEQUESTS, WHICH AMOUNT ARE MORE THAN \$20,000 EACH!—THE AVAILABLE FUNDS OF THE COLLEGE, GIVEN FOR SPECIFIC PURPOSES, THE INTEREST OF WHICH ONLY IS USED, EXCEED SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! THE LAW DEPARTMENT HAS FUNDS EXCEEDING \$40,000, AND THE THEORETICAL SCHOOL HAS MORE THAN \$80,000.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The Rev. Dr. Baird, speaking of a Protestant congregation at Lyons, France, says:—"Almost all the congregation took part in singing the praises of God. The singing was good—good enough, as to the manner. I should wish for nothing better. And what a contrast between the intelligent and hearty performance of a most important part of God's worship, and that which prevails so extensively in some churches in our large cities—which consists in the whole congregation listening to the choir, just as in a theatre or opera. This is all wrong. It is outrageous and wicked, and will attract the frown of God."

This is strongly said, but there is too much truth in it. Let us not be misunderstood, in our proposition to reform church music. We do not insist that leaders of the singing should be dispensed with, but that some provision of the kind should be retained, either in the form of a small choir or a *precentor*. What we insist on is that the people should sing.

DIFFICULTIES IN THE PROT. EPIS. CHURCH.—MUCH

trouble is expected at the next General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The *Episcopal Recorder* says:—"The New York Churchman has opened the whole subject of the Onderdonk case again. It is evident that an insane attempt is to be made to throw this wretched man restored to the duties of the Episcopate. The undertaking appears to us to be ill-judged, and we trust, also, that it will be found as hopeless, as if it had its origin in Bedlam."

The same paper calls upon the moderate party of the church to prepare for a decided conflict with Puritanism, in the next Convention. Bishop Southgate's Quixotic movements in the East will probably produce some strong discussions.

REV. JOSEPH CROSS, OF NEW ORLEANS, RECEIVED THE HONORARY DEGREE OF A. M., AT THE LATE COMMENCEMENT OF TRANSLYVANIA UNIVERSITY.

letter class under their influence, and too often with great success. At present I believe there is no effective agency in operation to counteract this influence but the German Methodist mission, and the Christian Apologist, a weekly paper, printed in German, and published at the Methodist press in Cincinnati. Both are doing great good, but that good might be easily quadrupled by an addition to their funds. An extensive gratuitous distribution of the Apologist would produce incalculable results. I now make the suggestion, which with all due deference to your editorial discretion, I trust may be followed by a direct appeal from the editor of the Herald himself to our wealthy Congregational friends in New England, and if practicable, through the Congregational papers, for aid to enlarge the circulation of the Apologist in this direction. Many considerations might be urged, not the least of which is that this is the only evangelical periodical through which they can be effectively reached; and our German missionaries are a body of zealous agents ready organized to distribute the bounty. Rev. W. Nasl, the editor, is well known throughout the West, as an educated and pious German, devoted to the spiritual interests of his countrymen. Their vast numbers and increasing emigration make it difficult for one denomination alone to supply their spiritual wants, without aid and encouragement from others. The German Lutheran and Dutch Reformed churches, it is true, are doing something, but their plans are not sufficiently aggressive to meet the exigencies of the case.

I see, by the remark of Dr. Levings, in the Herald, and Br. Hunter, in the Pittsburgh Advocate, that my statement in a former letter, that "it has, from the beginning, been the custom of the western Methodist church, to admit large numbers to probation as seekers," has been interpreted as an implication that the admission of *seekers* to the M. E. Church is not a general feature of her practice. The idea intended to be conveyed was, that in the West large numbers of seekers are admitted, whereas, in New England, it is well known, but *few* of this class are found in our church; for the reason, probably, that Methodism in times past has not been so popular with us as in the West. We find it difficult enough to get people into our church after they are converted by our instrumentality, much more to get them in before. It is so in the West, and therefore the difference. I presume that in all New England, the instance has never occurred, of admission to full membership, except on profession of evangelical faith.

But the evil depicted by Dr. Levings does exist in the West. Unconverted persons, or persons who do not make such profession, are admitted to full membership; and I see in the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate of August 25, that the editor argues the advantage and propriety of the course. I state the fact, and leave to the Doctors to decide whether it be a blessing or curse to the church. It is a subject which well deserves their attention.

M. SPRINGER.

LETTER FROM ROCK RIVER CONFERENCE.

Division of the Conference—Benefaction of Amos A. Lawrence, Esq.—Appointments—Lawrence Institute.

Dear Brother Stevens.—The Rock River Annual Conference held in Chicago, closed on Saturday evening, 21st ultimo, about 11 o'clock, after an interesting session of ten days.

The enlargement of our borders in the West, induced the members to resolve to form a new Conference in Wisconsin, making the south line of Wisconsin the southern boundary of the Conference. The number of preachers requisite to supply all the work embraced in the Rock River Conference, is one hundred and sixty-three; and the new Wisconsin Conference embraces now sixty-three appointments, and there is a deficiency of men for the work.

The Conference paid every possible attention to the proposition to locate an institution of learning on Fox River, and after adopting a lengthy report expressive of their interest in the project, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the noble act of liberality and Christian kindness of Amos A. Lawrence, Esq., of Boston, toward the population of the North-West, entitles him to the high expressions of gratitude from this Conference, and our country; and that we will second and endeavor to carry out his benevolent designs, by all proper efforts to establish and sustain the Lawrence Institute of Wisconsin, and to make it an effective agent in the diffusion of sanctified learning in the West, and render it worthy of the name it bears; and that we will endeavor, by all proper means, to extend our efforts to raise the amount for endowment to fifty thousand dollars.

Resolved, That Rev. Reeder Smith have the thanks of this Conference, for his untiring efforts in our behalf, and that we invite him to bestow as much of his attention, and as soon as shall be compatible with his *duties elsewhere*, in procuring the necessary means, and also to adopt such other measures as may be necessary for the establishment of the Lawrence Institute of Wisconsin.

Resolved, That we consider such an Institution as proposed in the foregoing Report, to be of vital importance to Methodism within the bounds of the contemplated Wisconsin Conference, as well as to the cause of Education in general, in this section of the Western country.

I thought of New England—or of the highly cultivated state of society, and the liberal support which there sustained a man's heart at such an hour, and then of these brethren, who seemed to rely upon neither, but ill-informed young ladies depict themselves, offends the pride of Western feelings. They seem not to know that a large proportion of Western people are as learned, and as intelligent and accomplished, as those of the East. One of the young ladies above referred to, gave great offence, by naively remarking in company, as if she had been surprised to learn the fact, that on her passage out, she had fallen in company with a western gentleman as well educated and accomplished, as any she knew in the East.

I thought of New England—or of the highly cultivated state of society

LETTER FROM OHIO CONFERENCE.

The Conference—Variety of its business—Harmony—Preaching—Missions.

Dear Brother Stevens.—Our Conference commenced its session in this place on the 1st inst., Bishop Janes presiding. The session has been a long and laborious one, though the business has been done, for the most part, with a good degree of despatch. The election of delegates to the General Conference occupied nearly one entire day. Our Conference is quite large, numbering over two hundred members,—our German Missionary field is extensive, giving employment to more than thirty missionaries, and we have no less than six literary institutions, whose interests have to be attended to. The Western Book Concern, being located within the bounds of the Conference, gives us some additional work, so that to the whole, few Conferences have more business to transact than the Ohio Conference, and few, I think, pass through their business with more of harmony and good feeling. On many minor matters, there is, of course, great diversity of opinion; but on all important subjects, there is remarkable unanimity. I think we are getting more and more to be men of one work, and to harmonize in our views as to the best means of accomplishing it.

The devotional exercises have been very interesting, though I fear not quite as spiritual as last year. The love-feast at the Wesley Chapel, on Sabbath evening, was one of the most instructive I ever attended. Among those who spoke was an aged sister, who was one of four who were organized into the first class formed in this place. There were also among the preachers who spoke some who preached in the first log cabin built in this vicinity. Several professed the blessing of perfect love, and the whole spirit and order of the meeting was most delightful. At 11 o'clock, at the same place, we were favored with an excellent sermon from Dr. Bond, and in the afternoon, with one from Dr. Pitman, delivered with an emotion which moved every heart. Bishop Janes preached in Zion's Chapel in the morning, and ordained the deacons. The Elders were ordained in the afternoon, after the sermon of Dr. Pitman. The German Missionary Elders and Deacons were ordained in the evening at the German Church; but having an engagement to preach in the Presbyterian Church, I was not present.

The anniversary of the Conference Missionary Society, was held on Monday evening. Stirring addresses were delivered by Bishop Janes, and Drs. Bond and Pitman. We were rejoiced to learn by the report of the Treasurer of the Society, that the collections, during the past year, were greater by more than two thousand dollars, than for several preceding years—amounting to over eight thousand dollars. After the addresses, a collection of upwards of five hundred dollars was taken up in cash and pledges, mostly the former. The next morning, in Conference, after hearing something from Dr. Pitman of the wants of the German branch of the work, five hundred dollars more was pledged for that specific object; making more than one thousand dollars, mostly paid, or pledged, by the members of the Conference.

Genesee Conference to us are—William Blas-
carion, John Dennis,
John Nevins,
Dodge.

WESLEY.—The London
of the poet of Meth-
the Queen one of the
majesty.

Wesleyan minister
the Sunday embraced by
evening who preached

Yours truly,
F. MERRICK.

Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1847.

For the Herald and Journal.

DOVER DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING.

Br. Stevens.—The camp-meeting for Dover District, commenced at Epping, N. H., Tuesday, Sept. 5, and closed on Saturday, the 11th. Many of the charges were represented by large tents, and in some instances, large tent companies. There was a general interest throughout the field.

The public prayer meetings were seasons of interest, and the Presbytery very anxious that we must receive this heaven-born Institution. Glory to God for the good done in the tented grove.

H. C. TILTON.

P. S. It is hoped that the preachers in this region will not forget the Association at N. Peabody, Oct. 4.

H. C. T.

For the Herald and Journal.

FURTHER FROM THE ARMY.

The public exercises commenced at the staid 8 o'clock, A. M., with an appropriate sermon from Rom. 12: 1, by Br. Scott, the P. E. Many felt even at that stage of the meeting, that the cause of the Lord was well represented, and while so regarded the appointment of the meeting, that there was not time to publish a notice of it in the Herald, nor to give general notice by other means, but there were ten thousand in attendance, and they did well.

The Mexican army was satisfied that we must receive this heaven-born Institution. Glory to God for the good done in the tented grove.

H. C. TILTON.

N. BuckSPORT, Sept. 15.

P. S. It is hoped that the preachers in this region will not forget the Association at N. Peabody, Oct. 4.

H. C. T.

For the Herald and Journal.

WORCESTER DISTRICT THIRD QUARTER.

The Theological and Scientific Association, Dover District will meet next meeting at Newmarket, N. H., Monday and Tuesday, the 16th & 17th of October next. A full attendance is expected.

The exercises in the 16th are to be opened with a service on the Sabbath, followed by a lecture on "The Reformation," by Rev. Dr. S. L. Huntington. The exercises in the 17th are to be opened with a service on the Sabbath, followed by a lecture on "The Reformation," by Rev. Dr. S. L. Huntington.

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H. C. TILTON.

For the Herald and Journal.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Our convention will be, and is hereby appointed to be convened on the 20th and 21st of October next, at Woburn, to be organized and conducted by the Sabbath School Union. The exercises in the 20th are to be opened with a service on the Sabbath, followed by a lecture on "The Reformation," by Rev. Dr. S. L. Huntington. The exercises in the 21st are to be opened with a service on the Sabbath, followed by a lecture on "The Reformation," by Rev. Dr. S. L. Huntington.

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H. C. TILTON.

For the Herald and Journal.

WORCESTER DISTRICT THIRD

GOOD ADVICE.

Mr. G. W. Light, the publisher of the "Young American's Magazine," contributes the following to a late number of that interesting periodical:

KEEP COOL.

Are your matters all awry?
Keep cool;
But consider well the reason—
If you are but right yourself,
Things will come right in their season;
Keep cool.
Though your case be desperate,
Keep cool;
Desperate evils may be cured—
They cannot withstand a man!
What have true men not endured?
Keep cool.

Has a villain cheated you?
Keep cool;

Her's the loser—don't despair;
Now your eye teeth have been cut,
Keep your temper; grin and bear—
Keep cool.

Has a maiden proved unkind?
Keep cool;

If you'd have your heart's desire,
Teach young Cupid's golden bow
You can stand its keenest fire;
Keep cool.

Can you not reform the world?
Keep cool;

Only one thing you can do—
Give a brave heart to the work;
Heaven wants no more of you—
Keep cool.

Does the prince of serpents hiss?
Keep cool;

Show your stiffer upper lip;
When he sees that you are firm,
You will find that off'll slip—
Keep cool.

Let your ills be what they may,
Keep cool;
Seize this truth with heart and hand—
He that rules well himself,
Can the universe withstand;
Keep cool.

particularly gracious to him, and favored him with a new baptism of the Holy Ghost. His health soon after failed, and during several months he suffered much, but rejoiced more.—Grace sustained him, until God was pleased with glory to crown him. Peace to his memory.

Hampden, Me., Sept. 6. M. R. HOPKINS.

Mrs. MARY, wife of Alden N. Swett, died in great peace, in Orrington, in May last, after a long sickness, in which grace was signally magnified. As an affectionate wife and daughter, a faithful mother, and Christian, her record is on high. Though, to human appearance, much needed here, her presence was claimed in climes more worthy of her. M. R. HOPKINS.

Hampden, Me., Sept. 6.

Mr. EBENZER ATWOOD, after three years' distressing sickness, on a pleasant morning in May last passed over Jordan to possess his inheritance in that healthful country, whose inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick." He had been conscious of the constant indwelling of the Holy Ghost for several years. Its fruits were developed in prosperity and adversity, in health and sickness, in life and death. The M. E. Church has lost, in him, a valuable member.

Hampden, Sept. 6. M. R. HOPKINS.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

ANTI-SLAVERY REPORT OF THE MAINE CONFERENCE.

Dear Br. Stevens.—Will you give place in your paper, as early as practicable, to the following report on Slavery, adopted by the Maine Conference, at its last session. Its publication is desired because of an omission, as it appears in our published Minutes.

The Committee on Slavery beg leave to present the following Report:—

1. Resolved, That American slavery stands opposed to every principle of the gospel of Christ, and to the constitution of our church, and that we cannot faithfully proclaim the gospel message, or be consistent members of the M. E. Church, without maintaining a decided opposition, both in principle and practice, to every feature of the system.

2. Resolved, That we instruct our delegates to the next General Conference, not to approve of any legislation of that body in relation to Slavery, except for its extirpation.

3. Resolved, That while we are not tenacions of a name, being equally satisfied to be called abolitionists, or anti-slavery men, we regard no favor any attempt to flatter the unreasonable prejudices of the Southern Church, by abandoning either of these terms for a less expressive one.

4. Resolved, That members of our church, who hold and treat human beings as property, should be dealt with as for other gross immorality.

5. Resolved, That we re-affirm the sentiments of the report of last year, and that we declare it to be our purpose to take no retrograde steps in so important a subject.

6. Resolved, That as the proposition which originated in the Erie Conference, contemplating an alteration in our General Rule on slavery, is exceptionable in phraseology, and, as it appears to us, seriously detracts from the thorough anti-slavery character of our ecclesiastical constitution, we, therefore, cannot adopt it.

7. Resolved, That in the judgment of this Conference, the General Conference of 1844 had no constitutional warrant for adopting the Plan of Separation, as it is called, and, therefore, that plan now is, and ever has been, void of all ecclesiastical authority.

8. Resolved, That the Plan of Separation being unconstitutional, and the separation of the South from the North being, therefore, a secession, is the opinion of this Conference that there should be no division of the church properly between them and us.

9. Resolved, That in view of this, their ecclesiastical relation to us, their peculiar notions of Methodist Episcopacy, and their claim that slavery, as it exists among them, is a divine institution, we recommend to our delegates elect not to consent to the establishment of any fraternal relations with them, for the present.

A. F. BARNARD, Chairman.

The above I certify to be a true copy of the original report, as adopted by the Conference.

JOHN HOBART, Sec. of Maine Conf.

Hallowell, Sept. 9.

FRANKLIN—THE HOME OF HIS BOYHOOD.

The racy description which follows, of the house which was the home of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S boyhood, will be read with universal interest, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world. It is copied from the Boston correspondence of the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

There are a few places yet left in Boston, of universal interest. Do you see that house on the corner of Hanover and Union streets, with a gilt ball protruding from its corner, diagonally into the street? It has no architectural pretensions to arrest a passer-by. It is a plain brick house, of three stories, with small windows, close together, and exceeding small panes of glass in them, the walls of a dingy yellow. Yet it is a house warming with associations interesting to well-nurtured minds throughout the civilized world. Read the name upon the ball and you will get an inkling of my meaning—

"JOSIAS FRANKLIN, 1698." Yes, that is the very roof under which Benjamin Franklin grew up.

He was not born there, but his father removed there when he was but six months old, so that all his recollections of home must have been connected with those walls.

The side of the house on Union street remains as it was in the days of Franklin's boyhood; but on Hanover street has been shamefully maltreated.

Nearly the whole front has been cut out to make room for two monstrously disproportioned show-windows.

And this house, so full, as I have just said, of associations, fuller yet of bonnets!

Yes, by the head of the Prophet, of bonnets!

It is a Bonnet warehouse, and from the inordinate windows, aforesaid, bonnets of all hues and shapes gleam you with sidelong glances, or else stare you open out of countenance, while mountain piles of band-boxes tower to the ceiling of the upper story, eloquent, like Faith, of things unseen. Heaven forbid that I should say anything in derogation of bonnets, any more than of the fair heads that wear them, but I would that they had another repository.

It was my good fortune to go over the house before it had undergone this metamorphosis. It was occupied, in part at least, some eight or ten years ago, by a colored man, of the name of Stewart; a dealer in old clothes, who thought of buying the premises, and wanted my advice about it. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to view them. The interior of the house was then, I should judge, in the same condition that it was when the worthy old soap boiler and

the Lord bless the lonely little ones.

STEPHEN EASTMAN.

North Charlestown, Sept. 7.

ELIZA ANN, daughter of Jacob and Susan Hart, of North Charlestown, N. H., died of consumption, Sept. 2, after a sickness of five months, aged 18 years. Eliza was naturally a gentle, amiable girl, most beloved by those who best knew her. She informed the writer, when upon her dying bed, that she had often felt the need of religion, but had neglected to embrace it, lest she should lose it, as many of her young friends had done, and thereby wound the cause, and render her own case hopeless. But we bless the Lord she saw her danger, gave up her heart to Christ, through faith, and met her change with joy.

The fervor with which she prayed, during her last conflict, "Lord, come quickly, do come quickly, and take me home," repeating the same several times, impotently, was evidence to all present, that though she "came at the eleventh hour," there was a "penny" for her.

North Charlestown, Sept. 7. S. EASTMAN.

SAMUEL FOWLER died, in full expectation of a glorious immortality, at the residence of his father, Retriever Fowler, in Orrington, Me., July 3, aged 22 years. He was converted six years since. His life corresponded to his profession.—Last autumn, at a protracted meeting, God was

that sturdy rebel, (in youth as in age,) his world-famous son, lived there. There were the very rooms in which the child Franklin played, the very stairs up and down which he romped, and the very window seats on which he stood to look out into the street. The shop on the street was unquestionably the place where he used to cut wicks for the candles, and fill the moulds, and wait upon the customers. I pleased myself with imagining which room it was in which his father sat, patriarch-like, at his table, surrounded by his thirteen children, all of whom "Grew up to years of maturity and were married." And you may be sure I did not fail to take a peep into the cellar, where Poor Richard, in his infantile economy of time, proposed to his father that he should say grace over the whole barrel of beef they were putting down in the lump, instead of over each piece in detail, as it came to the table—a proposition which inclined the good brother of the Old South Church to fear that his youngest hope was given over to a reprobate mind, and was but little better than one of the wicked.

And I would have given a trifle to know which of the chambers it was that was Franklin's own, where he educated himself, as it were, by stealth—where he used to read "Bunyan's Works, in separate little volumes," and "Barton's Historical Collections,"—"small chapman's books, and cheap; forty volumes in all"—and Plutarch's Lives, not to mention "a book of De Foe's, called *An Essay on Projects*," and "Dr. Mather's, called *To do Good*," and where, too, his lamp (or more probably his candle's end) was "often seen at midnight hour," as he sat up the greatest part of the night, devouring the books which his friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to lend him over night, out of the shop, to be returned the next morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed them. Seldom have literary pleasures been relished with such a gusto as by that hungry boy.

It will not be many years before this monument of the most celebrated man that Boston, not to say America, ever produced, will be demolished, and the place that knows it will know it no more, unless something be done to save it. It will be a burning shame and a lasting disgrace to Boston, with all its wealth and its pretensions to liberality, and its affection of reverence for its great men, to suffer the most historical of its houses to be destroyed, when the rise of real estate in that neighborhood shall seal its doom. It is a shame that it has been left so long to take the chances of business. It should have been bought years ago, and placed in the hands of the Historical Society, or some other permanent body, to be trusted to be preserved for ever in its original condition. It is not too late to restore it to something like its first estate, and to save it from utter destruction. If it is not done, it will be a source of shame and sorrow when it is too late. The house in which Franklin was born has been destroyed within this century. That house stood in Milk street, a little below the Old South Church, on the other side of the way, and the spot is marked by a "Furniture Warehouse," five stories high, which forms a fitting pendant to the Bonnet warehouse, in Hanover street. The printing office of James Franklin, where Franklin served his apprenticeship, where he used to put his anonymous communications under the door, where he used to study when the rest were gone to dinner, and where he used sometimes to flog a flogging from his brother—was in Queen, now Court street, nearly opposite the Court house, on the corner of Franklin Avenue, which, if I am not mistaken, derives its name from this curious circumstance.

"WHERE ART THOU?"

Every sinner is where he ought not to be—in a false position as it respects God and truth, duty and salvation; and retaining his present character and place, he is sure to be undone for ever. He is in his sins; he has never repented of them nor forsaken them. They invest him with a character which challenges the Omnipotent abomination; they tower round his path like Alpine heights of guilt and corruption; every one of them has a voice which cries to heaven for judgment; and if he is not rid of them, they will sink him into perdition with the weight of a mighty millstone.

He is in a state of eternal ruin. His feet take hold on death. He is pursuing a career which ends in destruction. He is rushing with fury in his heart to the doom of the incorrigible. He is defying the wrath and despising the mercy of the great God. And persisting in this course, he will soon have passed the limits of divine forbearance, and sealed his eternal doom in hell.

He is in a state of awful condemnation. His sins have already found him out. The penalty of a violated law hangs over him. Conscience fore-shadows the coming wrath. The chains of fear, and guilt, and misery are woven by him. Heaven is out against his wickedness. The just and merciful God is agains him, and the day of doom and vengeance is not distant.

He wanders in a land of darkness and gloom. Where the sinner is, the sweet light of day never comes; the voice of hope and peace is never heard; the notes of pardoning mercy never break the ear and rejoice the heart. It is a region of sadness and gloom; the land of the shadow of death. Evil spirits walk it; dismal sounds are heard in it; and death and despair reign over it. The soul that dwells here finds no inward peace; dark thoughts fill the mind, evil passions rage, and all within and around is blight, and dreariness and wretchedness. He walks on the brink of the grave, and the next step may be into it. He has no security for his life; he may die the next moment. God is bound by no promise or obligation to keep him alive a single hour; he is unworthy of life, and exists by mere permission of sovereign mercy. Death is always at his heels, ready to strike him down the instant leave is given, and diseases lurk in every path to waste and destroy. "Counting on long years to come," flattering his soul with the notion of a future reprieve, he may be snatched from life and hope, without time to utter one cry for mercy—stand at the bar of eternity in all his unprepared guilt.

The sinner is ever under God's immediate eye. He saw the first sinner when he took and ate of the forbidden fruit; he saw all his conduct, and knew all his thoughts during the hours which succeeded the transgression; he saw what fear, and shame, and conscious guilt seized upon him at his approach; and he saw him in his hiding place, vainly seeking to escape from pursuing justice. God sees the reader, sees every sinner in all his ways. He sees him in secret, when he is bold to sin because no visible eye is upon him; and in the night-watches, when he hopes the darkness will veil his evil deeds. He sees him in those refuges of lies and false hopes to which he betakes himself, to escape from the truth and his own honest convictions. He sees him in his family, in the sanctuary, and during the business hours of each day; in all his plans of gain and over-reaching, by day and by night, at home and abroad, in his thoughtful hours and in his merry moods, at all times and in all places, the flaming eye of God is upon him; it reads his inmost thoughts; it searches his path and knoweth all his going; it penetrates the profoundest solicitudes of his being, and pervades it in its length and breadth, as with the light of a thousand suns.

He is in the hands of an angry God. Omnipotence surrounds him, and escape is impossible. He is in the power of Him whose arm spans the universe, and crushes worlds in the day of his wrath. He is at the disposal of One whose every favor has been slighted, whose mercy has

been perverted, and whose justice has been inflicted; and he will deal with the sinner as he pleases, in strict accordance with the fearful declarations he has made; and no creature shall dare to interfere, none shall be able to deliver from his avenging hand. Let that mighty One, whose authority, and goodness, and wrath, every living sinner practically despises—let him but utter the word, and the daring worm shall in a moment cease to be. What a position to be in! What a character to maintain! Merciful God! put forth thy hand, not in wrath to crush, but in mercy, to save the creatures whom thou hast made.—N. Y. EVANGELIST.

BETHLEHEM.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetery,

the next morning, (July 30,) watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which every day would now bring,

after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the Desert. Our encampment looked much the same as it had done every morning for a month past; the Arab servants busy in taking down and packing the tents, and a noisy quarrel going on in the midst—(about a pistol having been stolen from one of the tents)—and the differences were only that there were spectators standing by, and that our camels had given place to horses and asses. But instead of the rocks and sands of the desert, Hebron was before my eyes, and the spot where he and his family lay buried.—And before night, I should see the place where David was born and lived his shepherd life, and where Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem, but it was quite enough, for we were eager about every old tree, and well, and hill-top. The shrubs grew more abundant, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way; though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasture. Such flock covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with sling-smooth stones from the brook, while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt, it occurred to me how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David, when in his Divine songs, he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of "a tree planted by rivers of water," and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rocks, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and even one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch of dark shade is welcome beyond belief; and when one has dismounted, and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and of the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase of the Psalms and prophecies comes over one's mind, with a life and freshness as sweet as blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight of Bethlehem was beautiful.—

We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sunset light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive-looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last rays pass over it to gild the western hills, and another village which there lay high up, embosomed in fig and olive orchards. The valley, out of which we were rising, lay in shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the Convent of St. Elias, which we were to pass tomorrow, I was sorry to turn away from this view; but we had to take the right-hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the village to the convent, but over the spot where Jesus is believed by the friars to have been born.

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